THE ADORNMENT OF WOMEN.

NEW AND CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT PASH-IONABLE CLOTHES.

Light and Reavy Weight in Feminine Brees -As Experiment with the Scales-The Latest Things for the Antumn Season. The weatherwise are predicting a winter of unusual severity. They say that a hot summer is always followed by the hardest kind of a winter. It would seem that the manufacurers of fabrics entertain the same opinion carpeting or tapestry, as to load the slender backs of the women in street costumes. A bundle as big as the week's wash of a large family was handed to a dressmaker in the writer's presence. It turned out to be samples of fall goods from a fashionable establishment. A servant who happened to see them begged for a piece, because it would make such "beauiders" to use in the kitchen. Some idea can be formed of the thickness and coarseness of the materials when it appealed to the notice of the cook as a fine article to handle hot pots with. One of the leading things for worsted coatumes is a stuff like what is called

for some of the new goods prepared for the American market seem as well suited to nail down on the floors or hang up on the walls, for ingrain carpet. It is loosely woven into cloths that are joined at every figure of the pattern. so that the ground work is a different color on the wrong and right sides. It is admirable in carpets, where the old ladies keep the light side up for summer and flop it over for winter; but its particular advantage for dress goods cannot be seen so plainly, and it is certainly an unwieldy substance. Of one thing the new goods assure us. There is to be no frillings and fancy ideas carried out by them. Heavy, plain styles, ornamented by braids alone, can be made of them. Tailor-cut, perfectly fitting, sedate and solemn garments will be worn by ladies. The frivolous things in dress will be taken up by men. However, returning masculine tourists are

actually gaudy in the way of neck gear, while the cheviots that have been popular for years and quiet in style, come this season in wild combinations that rival tomato omelettes in their mixture of red and yellow. It is the first step toward a great change in the condition of women. Kansas will not long hold the only town that boasts a lady Mayor. The man who wears a red necktie will stand no chance when he runs for office against a woman in a tailor-made suit of ingrain carpet, such as will be used this winter.

Let the woman desirous to be distinguished

by her attire beware of the new color called by her attire beware of the new color called praime; it is nothing but the old time-worn red called bollerino. It's elder shade paraded years ago as Alagenta—and if the battle fleids were further called on for names by which this color could be nominated for public fame. Buil flum wouldn't be a bad one. Its sangulnary hue differs little from crimson. It borders on mabogany. Ruby is a much more becoming shade, and claret a richer tings, with it double charm of its unobtrusiveness. In plush it is magnificent, and plush is the better material for beauty and durability. The only commending quality velvet has over plush is that its pile does not add to the apparent girth. For a slender figure plush should always be chosen. When the vestal zone surpasses the twenty-nine inch walst measure of the Venus of Milo, it is well to stop at plush and fall back on short pile velvet.

twenty-nine inch waist measure of the venus of Milo, it is well to stop at plues and fall back on stort pile velvet.

September is a doubly interesting month to women who are iashionable in their clothes. Between the toilets of the present and those of the immediate future, there is a divided and sometimes distracted duty. Some of the first autumn month's costumes, as seen at the rural resorts, are illustrated in the accompanying pictures. Observe the hats particularly. How picturesque are they, and how various. For that style of beauty peculiar to America, and which for want of a better name might be called the wild rose, a name suggesting brightness, youth, and color, without precision or regularity—the sort of Romeo feit hat is becoming. This is a soft hat with a medium-sized brim stretching out across the forehead, turning shortly up at the side and quite close at the back. Made of voivet on a buckram frame, with a heron's plume a little to the left side, it is a fitting finish to the piquant, saucy, miknon face so often met on the graceful Yankee giri—a face that beams above a number 5% glove.

What a pleasure to the human vision is a pretty foot or hand. The writer of this article lately sat in a shoe store when a lovely girl dame in.

"Please show me some Oxford ties," said an unmistakably English voice.

The speaker was perhaps 22, a pure British blonde, with a creamy complexion, teeth to drive denicits to despair, eyes of sapphire blue, and a willowy flaure of medium height.

"What size " asked the attendant."

"What size " asked the attendant."

"What size was the attendant."

"It is the embellishment known to feet, such as corns, bunions, and sularged joints.

"So sorry." said the clerkers." but 6 is the largest size in which we keep Oxford ties."

"Miss victoria gianced with astonishment at sluk faw woman across the size of the

be made at the bath. Hence the man and the bustle.

The wise young concert singer first handed out a white lawn dress—a mere web, all lace and open work, where such things are both fashionable and possible. It and its belt of ribbon weighed preci-ely one pound on the spring scales borrowed of the cook at the boarding house. Then came three white skirts, which weighed two pounds, and the bustle and shoes, which weighed one pound three ounces. These were followed by stockings, cuits, collar, and handkerchief, weight altogether four ounces and a hat that weighed five ounces. The corsets, stigmatized in books and lectures for half a century as barbarous

and brutal, weighed—what do you suppose?
Three ounces and no more.

Next came a little wisp of white dry goods caught tightly around the middle with a piece of twine.

"What is this?" the judge and weigher in-

quired "Never mind." came the answer. "It isn't this, its those." A pause. "What I mean to say is that there is more than one piece there, and you are not to untie the string on your honor." This was agreed to, the lady lookers on anying that they would see the promise kept, and the judge wrote down "those—eight ounces."

at and suspenders hit and suspenders hirt and undershirt hoes and socks Ollar, outs (with links), and tie	4 eunoes 83 ounces 24 ounces 34 ounces 4 ounces	
Total Total for lady	150 ounces 57 ounces	
Excess of weight in man's clothes	81 ounces	

What a sermon there is in those figures i What an opportunity for the men of all eras and all occupations to take back all that they ever wrote concerning woman's inhumanity to herself in dragging around great weight of clothing, and in loading herself with pounds of superfluities. To be sure, the lady said she were the lightest garments she had, but she might have put on her heaviest apparel, and even then would have won the wager easily. As for the actor, he declared he had never dressed more lightly, though not in preparation for the test, but on account of the weather.

THE NEWEST PANGLED FIRE ESCAPE An Arrangement that Wakes Up a Whole

"The latest novelty in fire escapes," said member of the Fire Patrol yesterday, "is a combination of a fire alarm with a balcony fire escape. The balcony is made of iron like the common balcony, and as fancy as you please. The ladder to each balcony is made to fold up into a snug recess in the bottom of the balcony and out of sight. It is held there by a catch. The catches at all the bal-conies are connected with each other and with bell pulls located not only in each with which the fire escape is connected, but also with an ornamental bell pull on the street. it a fire occur the inmate who first discovers it, or the policeman on the street who sees the smoke or fiames coming from the windows, pulls the bedl pull nearest at hand. This draws back the catches under all the ladders, and then comes the greatest novelty of all. The weight of the descending iron ladders operates on a simple clockwork contrivance that makes a most infernal racket on alarm bells located in each fire escape. The sleepers in that house are bound to wake up; so are the sleepers for a block around, for that matter.

"The cost of these fire escapes, I am told, is not above \$5 per story more than the ordinary fire escape—a mere trifle compared with their value as life savers—but so far as I have been able to learn there is no agency for them in this city nor elsewhere in the country. The invention is the latest thing in England. It is, of course, burglar proof, because no burglar would touch a machine that would make such a noise. The only improvement needed on it is to so construct it that any one stepring from a window to the balcony would by his weight, start off the machine. That would save the bell pulls, and obviate the necessity of the inmates having any presence of mind." If a fire occur the inmate who first discovers

THE MINOR MISERY OF LONDON. in London's Streets.

Some of the Hundreds who "pend their Night When they told me at the railway station that the last train to the suburb where I lived had gone. I determined mindful of the pleasures of night wandering in Paris, to seek shelter in no hotel, but to see what sights the streets of the sleeping city might afford.

It isy in the gutter of that narrow street there, where any passing cab or yonder fruit-laden dray might, without blame to the driver, have crushed its life out. It was a little child, so light in my hand as I picked it up, that for a moment I wondered whether indeed it was a living thing. Had it learned at so early an age to suffer and be still? It seemed so, for it made no ery. Not an abandoned babe, moreover; for there, coiled up asleey in a doorway, lay its mother. The child bad dropped from her relaxing arms and had rolled into the kennel. In the Strand now, vacant of all traffic, save of the walking lepers of the street, insolant grown since a plaued police curtails not their so repulsive aggressions. "Our new instructions bid us leave them slone," said a constable to me; "and very glad we are to be relieved of the trouble of chivvying them From the Pall Mall Gasette. save of the walking lepers of the street, insolient grown since a plunded police curtails not their so repulsive aggressions. "Our new instructions bid us leave them alone," said a constable to me: "and very glad we are to be reliaved of the trouble of chivyving them about." There is that danger in applying the rebuke of Talleyrand—that he to whom you forbid over seal will sink into inaction.

In every doorway of the side streets of the thoroughfare single misory has taken refuge. Misery in company is here in Trafalgar square. A curious sight, indeed, this "finest site," as I then saw it. It was all dark, with a couchant mob of homeless vagabonds taking their rest on the stones. Not all in raps there, much black-coated misery was here. Such was he who presently tells me he was a city clerk, and who, to judge from his tongue and manner, may indeed have once done clerkly work. His pillow is a Daily Telegraph. This paper bedding affords a curious study. Most have such furniture to their resting places, and as I walk round I take notice what papers are most in use. The Echo pillows most of those who are in rags. Black-coated misery takes its beddittings from the Conservative press. One is a starving and homeless outcast, but one respects the institutions of one scountry. Four hundred sisepers, men and women promiscuously side by side, I count in the shadows of the finest hotels in the world. High up on his column stands over all one who spoke once of England and her expectation. That 400 men and women and their children should thus be flung on the pavement—starving, abandoned, in the very heart and centre of the luxury of the world—who has falled in his duty? Far off gleams the light high up that tells us that the people of England are even now being cared for. Her Majesty's Commona-are at work, and provision is being made for the commonwealth. It is a sorry beach, seen from a sorry sea.

Back to Covent Garden, where more misery leart and centre of the found. In the very heart and centre of the luxury of the world

Still there clings
The old question: Will not God do right?

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

There was an interesting and exciting rat baiting tast night in the ceitar under disadolph's saloon at Muth and Green streets. One hundred rats had been provided, and about 250 men witnessed the sport. The matches were ten rats for sach dog and the canines made short work of their avoient enemies. A nest and comfortable pit with tan-bark door has been ditted up under the saloon, with tiers of seats around it. No besting he allowed and rat killing is induiged in just for the amusement. The pit is presided over by George Lovell, who maintains good order and sees that every dog has fair play. The result of the matches last night was as follows:

FOULDWAL	Bots.	Seconda
Topsy (Tadlock)	10	67
Jack (Johnson)	********.10	- 21
Bull (Varmers' Home)	10 10 10	56 56 73
Rill (Stickney) Nellis (Second Street Market)	*****************	20
Nellis (Second Street Market)	10	- 22
GFID (RYGWY)		200
Topay, the winner of the match. it	s a common	our dos.
Topsy, the winner of the match, is but possesses great activity in the rodest after another, jerks them in	Dit. this s	tnes one
rodent after another, jerks them in	to the air, an	NE OPPRESS
the next one.		

FATHER JAHN'S IDRA AND ITS RESULTS IN THIS COUNTRY.

What is Taught in the German Turn Verein

—Free Exercises—The Start of School
Gymnactics in merica Hixty Years Ago. There is no country in the world where so great a number of sports are in vogue with such general patronage as in America. There are many social philosophers who, taking no ersonal interest in sports, yet look upon them with profound satisfaction; for they see in them the means of a high physical development of the race. It would not be difficult to show that vast improvement must result to the physique of the rising generation from the universal interest in and practice of base ball, and from the less general practice of football, rowing, swimming, pedestrianism, lawn tennis. lacrosse, and the score and more other games which are popular to-day. But nearly all these are special exercises, calculated to develop sets of muscles and special skill rather than general vigor. The latter comes incidentally to a certain extent from almost any bodily ex-ercise, but the enthusiasts who devote their attention and energy to the special games do so from the sporting instinct and not from the pareman think little if at all of the probable benefits of their exercise upon posterity. The benefits will arise, however, and they would be all the greater if the sports were conducted

with the philosophical idea in view.

There is one class of physical sports that is adapted to the general development of the body that originated even in a philosophical idea, instead of springing, as most games do, from the sporting instincts of men. Reference is made to the games of the German Turners, whose Vereins are found in every large city and town in the country, and whose influence has extended more widely than can be estimated with ease; for it is from the Turn Vereins direct that the multitude of college sports of to-day have arisen, and so also many other sports conducted by men not connected with colleges. The Turn Vereins are so numerous that everybody knows something about them, and most people have the idea that the institution is one of great antiquity; for it would not be altogether reasonable to suppose that it could become a national feature without undergoing the slow growth of centuries. The fact is, however, that the Turners originated in the present century, and the rapid rise of athletics in American colleges during the past fifty years has been due to the fact that among the hot-headed Democrats who were compelled to part company with the German fatherland were several learned men who found their ways to professorships in our institusports of to-day have arisen, and so also many



TRACHING CHILDREN FREE EXERCISE. TEACHING CRILDREN FREE EXERCISE.

tial, and their enthusiastic spirits led to the introduction of recognized athletics and the building of gymnasiums. And about the same time other exiles from Germany, who were not so tearned in books, organized Turn Vereins here and there in New England, and the movement for a national development of the race begun in the fatherland was continued here.

The Germans are nothing if not thorough. ment for a national development of the race begun in the fatherland was continued here.

The Germans are nothing if not thorough. They believe that the education of a man involves the complete development of all his facturities and functions. Hence his physical perfection is looked to in the exercises which are intended to promote the advancement of the whole individual. This physical education begins with the child in Germany. In this country it is apreading, and the Teutonic element lends, it an ardent, active support. In the city of New York the principal halfe is that of the New York Turn Verein, 56 and 58 East Fourth street. It is a four-storied cream-colored brick building. This gymnasium has a membership, including adults and children, of over 1,000. The Central Hall, on Seventy-seventh street, has about the same, and the on at Meirose, 157th street, a little less. Besides these there is the new organization, including one or two Congressmen. Judges, wealthy browers, merchants, p-litticians, and the ethical preacher, Felix Adler, numbering in all upward of 1,500, that is going to erect a magnificent Turn Halfe on Sixty-seventh street. It will be one of the largest and best appointed gymnasiums in the world.

brywers, merchants, printicians, and the Stincal prescher, Felix Adler, numbering in all unward of 1,500, that is going to erect a magnificent Turn Haive on Sixty-seventh street. It will be one of the largest and best appointed gymnasiums in the world.

Mr. Henry Metzner is the director of the New York Turn Verein on Fourth street. He is thoroughly in earnest on the subject of gymnastics and likes to talk of it.

"Physical culture," he said, "is a regular thing in Germany, and is regarded as a part of the educational system. It is attracting much attention now in the United States, not only in educational establishments, but in the larger cities where gymnasiums are erected. The Board of Education here in New York favored the introduction of instruction in gymnastics into the public schools, and wished the sum of \$2,000 to be set aside for this object. This was not complied with by the Board of Appropriations, and so it has not yet been done. Mayor Hewitt is in favor of the plan, however, and it may be carried out soon.

"The main difference between the German and American system is elective; a boy or young man practices in the gymnasium chiefly at those branches which he likes, and may entirely neglect other exercises, however good or necessary, if he has no inclination for them. The German system on the contrary, makes all the exercises a part of the training for all. Thus the whole body and the whole physical system are promoted in an all-round way, and a man does not merely strengthen his arms or his legs, or develop his cheet. Of course, the advantages of the body are evident enough when one looks to the results.



"We begin with children from the age of six years. The adults and the children go through the same exercises to a certain extent. Of course men and adults have more advanced exercises and such as call for greater exertion, but they also go through with the free exercises, that is, movements of the hands, feet, head, and body, without the bein of any apparatus or instruments. Some larger children who have acquired a familiar practical knowledge of the movements act as models or examples. They go through the movements, and the children imitate them. The head instructor goes about seeing that they acquit themselves properly. Bome of the older children are exercised in the isadeers and climbing poles.

"For the adults the exercises are of the most varied kinds. They have the free positions, and also exercise with the wands, dombbells, and inclain clubs. The Indian club, by the way, is something which the German Turners have adopted from the American gymnasts. Then they are trained on the horizontal, perpendicular, and inclined ladders, the climbing pole, the apparatus for leaping ispring boards and vaulting poles, the parallel and horizontal hars. The trapeze and lifting machines also figure in nearly all the gymnasium. The horizontal and parallel hars are from Germany. They were introduced there by Father Jahn, and were adopted everywhere as most valuable and interesting apparatus.

"Every year the Turn Vereins give exhibitions, or have picnice, at which prizes are awarded. The most frequent sports are poleleaping, wrestling, and throwing the stone. The fencing is with broadswords foils, bayoned, and sticks. This last is a French exercise." said Mr. Metaner, rising, and grasping



DOWN AND UP.

"To show how thoroughly the Turners are supposed to be trained, the winners in the contests must be the best in fifteen or sixteen different exercises in the five or six branches.

"Of course, the leng of time a man keeps up his gymnastic exyrcises is entirely determined by himself. We have many Turners who are 50 years of age; but the majority do not keep it up much longer than their 27th or 28th year. But Xavier Stoepel, who is pearly 30, still exercises, and is always on hand at all the Turner festivals, though, of course, as a spectator and not participant.

"A good deal of interest is felt here in New York in physical culture. You know the fine building the New York Athletic Club have erected, which contains a thoroughly appointed gymnasium, as well as swimming bath, bowling alley, rifle range, and the like.

"What are some of the free exercises? Well, they are so numerous it is hard to answer that, Movements of hands and legs and from the hips, which seem very simple and rom the hips, which seem very simple and easy, produce the mostgexcellent results. This is a free exercise," said Mr. Metzner, rising. He stood firmly on his right leg, raised the left from the ground, and, without bending the leg on which he stood, bent slowly forward and touched the ground, and, without bending the leg on which he stood, bent slowly forward and touched the ground with the tips of his fingers.

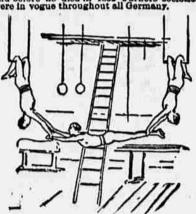
"This is another." He placed his hands upon his hips and sank down on the heel of his right foot, while the left slowly advanced in front of him without touching the ground. Then he raised himself erect. "Another is this." He held his body at arm's length from the ground, resting on the tips of his fingers.

"That is not so easy," he remarked. "Of course some of the feats which expert Turners performers. Such for instance, is the double-trapeze act. You have two trapezes swung high in the air, and fifteen or twenty feet apart. Two expert and powerful athletes swing from their knees, one on each trapeze, another by his ankles, and



REVERSE POSITION WITHOUT RAISING THE HANDS, companion toward the other trapeze, where the second turner will' catch him by the heels. On the toes back the third Turner may be thrown in such a way that he turns a somersault in the air. There are various variations of the feat that are all thrilling and interes'ing, but not half as dangerous as they appear, for usually a strong net is stretched between the trapezes and the floor to break the fail of the third terner should either of his companions fail to catch him. Perhaps the most strikingly characteristic work of Turners is done on the parallel bars. A surprising number of tricks of immense difficulty are done by the experts. They require the best developed muscle and the highest order of agility. And that is in accord with our main idea, which is to build up and perfect the physique of the individual, which can be done only by such cle to agility, or general vigor to special skill. REVERSE POSITION WITHOUT BAISING THE HANDS. dividual, which can be done only by such judicious training as shall not sacrifice muscle to aglity, or general vigor to special skill. This tells on the race eventually."

The founder of the Turn Vereins was Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, known to all his followers as "Father" Jahn, His idea was greater than the mere terms physical culture, gynnastics, and the like, indicate. He proposed to unite all Germany into a nation physically, morally, and intellectually so strong that no outside enemy could hope to cope with her, It, is not often that a man with a big idea like that gets any more than a local following, but Father Jahn wrote a book expounding his ideas and sent out his pupils as apostles to stir up sentiment on the matter. The result was that in a comparatively few years gymnastics took a national character. And in the German war for independence the Turners proved to be the most enduring solders and the most ardent democrats, too, so that Jahn and his friends were denounced as enemies to the State, and many of them, including Jahn, were imprisoned or exiled. But Jahn saw his system introduced into the schools of his native country in 1842, and before he died in 1852 Turners societies were in vogue throughout all Germany.



AN HOUR IN THE BLOODY SIXTH.

Scenes in a New York Police Station-Seven

Thousand Arrests a Your.

DOUBLE TRAPEZE ACT.

The first symnasium in America where a regular correse of instruction in obysical culture was given was established at Northampton. Mass., in 1825 as a department of the Round Hill school for boys. The man who was responsible for this innovation was an exiled Turner and friend of Father Jahn, Dr. Charles Beck. A year later Harvard College had its first symnasium established under the influence of another German exile and Turner. Dr. Folien. He was a wild enthusiast on the subject of physical culture and exorcia, and after the college had set aside one of its recitation rooms for the use of those who wanted to exercise on the simple instruments of that day, he stirred up a deal of interest in out-door sport. Not only did he take the lead in the games on the Delta, but originated several new departures. One day he organized a run of several miles. All the students in the college at the time joined, and, Prof. Folien leading the way, they set out at a dog trot, in Indian file, for Prospect Hill. Each member of the procession, which was nearly a mile long, had his arms akimbo. They took as n.arly a bee line as possible, and when they had got well out of Cambridge a solitary farmer rushed out and stemmed the tide. He told the Harvard professor that if he did not stop trespassing on the farmer's fields he, the owner, would have the whole of them arrested. Dr. Folien thought that such a procession would not comport well with the dignity of his position, and so he reluctantly wheeled about and led his procession back to the college.

A Pair Compromise.

A Fair Compromise.

From the Buston Record.

A '90 man has been doing some very useful reading during his vacation with a charming and intellectual young girl who has been paying ber annual visit to his sizer. The books chosen have been very useful ones, and the hours of work were the golden enes between vand I in the morning when the average summer youth and maiden are engaged in far more trivonous guraute. They were doing many with one of Cornelle's most tiresome plays one morning, when the sophomore's senior, who tould the man who talls the story, came near to the groor where they were stitting to water her petunian close at hand. Unwittingly she heard this bit of deduction:

Intellectual dirt (severalp.—Now. George, if you're minute that way I me by petting my hand every other minute that way I me by petting my hand every other minute that way I me by petting my band every other minute that way I me by petting my band avery other minute that way I me by petting my band avery other minute that way I me by petting my band avery other minute that way I me by petting my band avery other minute that way I me by petting my band avery other minutes and sive you both my hands for two minutes if after that you will promise to attend to the reading.

He (brightity)—I know a better plan than that. Just give one hand for ten minutes and go right on with the Unoclass.

ALL-ROUND GYMNASTICS. his came by the middle, to exemplify by certain LOTS OF MONEY IN GLASS.

FOR THE BLOWERS, BUT NOT FOR THEIR SO-CALLED EMPLOYERS. The Manufacturers' Side of the Story-Strong Union of Gines Workers-The Worker Gets All the Profit in the Busi-ness-It is the Same Way Abrond.

The window-glass workers, who have re-

cently made a demand for an increase of 10

per cent, in their wages, which the manufacturers say they will not give them, and thus

prevented the opening up of the hundreds of the window-glass factories on Sept. 1 in the

United States, are the best paid workmen in

the world. This is due partly to their organ-

ization, but mainly to the fact that not every

one can grow up to be a glass worker. It takes

great nerve and a great deal of skill, and young

men do not feel as if they could afford to learn a business which they are required to spend seven years to master, and for which permis-

sion is so grudgingly granted by officers of the

union. The window-glass workers are protected, too, by the Government, as no other trade

s really prohibited, the tariff and freight being

about 120 per cent.

Window-glass manufacturers say that the importation into this country of window glass

the garden. The young girls clasp one another's shoulders and wasts and dance again. Qiadness and innocence return to praside over other's shoulders and white and dance again. Gladness and innocence return to preside over the scene in the street.

"That's one of our regular lady callers," says the Sergeant, poising his pen over the blotter. "She used to have a lot of children and a husband. Sum made quicker work of him than it and the beatings he used to give her did for her. Where are the children ? Don't know. Whyos by this time—in jall or trying to get there."

whyos by this time—in jail or trying to get there."

He pauses and the music rules the air again. An instant only. Then there is another rush of feet on the Bagging and a policeman with two prisoners comes in. A clitzen follows him. Blami go the prisoners against the railing. Both are men and both are young. One is a forlors drunkard. The very buttons on his coat look drunk; the ends of his trouser legs are muddy and ragged and abandoned. His greasy necktle is loose and limber as himself and the top of his hat has disappeared. He tries to look devil-may-care, but only succeeds in appearing foolish.

"Name. Patrick Casey. Born, Ireland. No occupation. 28 years, no regular home, stealing what? oh, a coat."

"I have a ragilar home." says the prisoner. "an' I'm tallor be trade, an' I'm 32 years—"shut up, says the policeman. Hold your tongue, will you "says the Sergeant.

The other prisoner is a young bullet-headed, shock-haired fellow—not so drank and not so used to being drunk as the other. He is unsteadyon his legs, but fully understands what has happened to him. When the Sergeant shouls at him: "Name—hurry up—born. I reland—come, whats your name?" he burst into tears.

"I-didn't-take-the-coat. Mr. Oppenheim—no.

tears.
"I-didn't-take-the-coat-Mr. Oppenheim—no.
I-hope-to-die-right-here-Sergeant. I'm an
hopest—" "I-didn't-take-the-coat-Mr. Oppenheim—no. I-hope-to-dio-right-here-Sergeant. I'm an honest—"
"A-a-hi hold your clack," says the policeman giving an admonitory twist to his hold on the young man's collar.
"Well, who did take the coat—who took it? Did the other man take it?" the Sergeant asks. The orchestra is playing a very pretty medley, and Harrigan's "Bables On Our Block" is pouring out of the windows. "By the way," says the Sergeant to the clizen, "did you see these men take the coat? You didn't, then what are you doing here—oh, your sister saw them. What is to-morrow, officer? Long day or short day? Short. Then have your sister at Essox Market at haif-past 3 o'clock. Come, now, what's your name and nil the rest?"
"Gif me a shanse at 'em." says the citizen. "Dese boys used to vork for me py der dallor beezness. I gif der froot fram 'em." Then he went to the more drunken prisoner and whispered. "you gif me der baun dickets and i gif you feefty cents and you get avay in der 'norning."
"If you took the coat, Jim, say so and get me out of this place." says the one who cried. "Shelp me God I dunno narting about the coat!" says Jim.
"Lock 'em up," says the Sergeant, "Shut up, will yo!" says the policeman, dragging them away. The band bursts into "Oh, those golden slippers," and fills the station with gird meldy, the children dance, and the mothers throw their pailid babies high above their heads in time with the sweep of the invisible baton in the garden.

"I tell you vot it is, Sergeant," says the citizen. He has been out on the steps, but a thought has struck him and he returns. "Pring me back dose poys, and I get Jer troot about der coat.

"My Iriend," says the Sergeant, "go along. Do the rest of it in court. We've got no racks and thumbscrews here. We've done all we can."

"It don't take such dings to get der troot. It choest takes another quarter. Seffenty-fife There have been several inventions brought to the attention of the public to take the place of the glassblower, and consequently depreci-ate his value and lower his pride along with his wages, but they were always found upon a test to be of no use, and to-day he is as big a man as when he started in with his blowpipe centuries ago. A great deal of money has been wasted in these inventions. It was invariably shown that the invention could not handle the shown that the invention could not handle the composition from which the glass is blown with the same art and delicacy as the human being could, and was therefore of no use. One enterprising individual, with great confidence in his scheme, built a factory near Stroudsburg, Pa., some years ago, he invited prominent glass manufacturers from all over the United States to come and look at him make glass. The machine did not blow glass as it ought to be blown, and the stuff made was of no use. Since then there have been no inventions. The glassblower knows his worth, and he is never slow to realize on it.

No one can be found to take another's place when there is a strike. All the window-glass workers are by themselves in the Knights of Labor. They take no active part in any of its turmolls or strikes or conventions further than to pay in an assessment once in a while, and send two or three of their officers to a meeting of the General Assembly. If they were to mix much with the other workingmen they would be apt to set into hot water on account of their remarkably successful position on the wage question. They went into the Knights of Labor that they might be able to secure legislation in Congress looking forward to the maintenance of their wages at the present rate, and that they might avail themselves of the Knights for crasmizing the window-glass workers in Europe. They readily recognized that it was of very little use to them to put an almost prohibitory tax on glass here and permit the workmen claswhere to be paid low wages. They organized the glass workers in Belgium. England, France, Germany, and the manufaction of the manufaction of the glass workers in the manufaction. composition from which the glass is blown

can, "It don't take such dings to get der troot. It choost takes another quarter. Seffonty-fifs cents gets me mine coat."
"Run along home," says the Sergeant, "go way. We don't do that business here."

knights for organizing the window-gase workers in Europe. They readily recognized that it was of very little use to them to put an almost prohibitory tax on glass here and permit the workmen elsewhere to be paid low wages. They organized the glass workers in Belgium. England, France, Germany, and the manufacturer here gets little satisfaction by exchanging his hands for others from Europe. Manufacturers say they have Belgians for whom they have sent across, and pay them higher wages than they could engage a man for here, They usually get the same pay in both countries, and the difference to the importer is made up in the cost of the materials and the cheanness of the plant in the older countries. Manufacturers say they have not been able to make more than enough to pay expenses in their business until last year. Owing to the great amount of building going on, and the discovery of natural gas near Fittsburgh, which costs little or nothing, and its substitution for coal, they did succeed in making a little money. The workmen found it out and they made their demand for an increase of their wages ten per cent. A manufacturer said to his glass-blowers the other day that he was willing to give svery one of them the wages they were paid last year. Their pay then ranged from \$2,200 to \$8,450, according to the capacity of the men. Work continued only ten months a year. Manufacturers say the men feel that they are strong in their union, and they are determined not to let them take any more profits than will permit them to live. They (the workmen) are bound to realize upon the benefits arising from new inventions and improvements in methods. But the manufacturers say rather than do this they will abut down their works and keep them shut down.

The glass worker does not work in July or any of the men in the profit of the pay them; but some manufacturers, and some glass workers, too, say that it will not pay to work during these months, for the glass cannot be properly worked up, and it will not pay to work during these mon choost takes another quarter. Seffenty-file cents gets me mine coat."

"Itun along home." says the Sergeant, "go way. We don't do that business here."

And presumably the citizen runs along, to the quickstep of the "Skidmore Guards." which is in the air he breathes, and in all the lungs and lears and feet and ears of the crowd outside. But, see the people scatter! Even the ward detective joins in the movement down street. There is a loud swish-swish of multitudinous feet. A grand procession is on the way. Two officers lead it, each with a prisoner. "Oh, see! he is bleeding," the children cry, Blood is running down the back of one of the prisoners heads. "Shame on ye! to club a man like that," says one of the women who, but a moment ago, was throwing her baby in the air in time to the music, "If it was my husband, you wouldn't club him like that," says a virage in a pink wrapper. As she finishes the sentence she is selzed by a strong arm and flung into the crowd, smainst which she falls and rebounds softly, like a billiard ball that has hit a cushion. "Brutes! brutes!" shout some men.

"Bay, why don't you club her?" calls out the woman with the baby. The doorman rushes into the crowd, spreading his arm. "Stand back," he shouts: "all of you stand back." They do so, but only until the prisoners are awung against the railing before the Sergeant's desk. Then they swarm on the outer fence and up the steps until, to a manelooking out of the windows of the station, it seems walled in with hua.an faces.

Well, now, "says the Bergeant to the first prisoner," what's your name and age?"

"He'll tell you." says the man, a blackhaired, well-knit, fine-looking Englishman in a blue fiannel shirt and tidy clottues. He nods toward the policeman who is collaring him.

"John Doe, 35." says the Sergeant, writing as he speaks. "Where born?"

"He'll tell you." ask him. says the man, looking at his captor. "He's been a-follering of me since supper time, hall hover the streets and a-clubbin of me till me 'de a mass of jelly, sir. Hask

what's the trouble? Mulberry street over a spose."

"I didn't do nothink hat all, sir," says the Englishman. "Hand hive been hawfully clubbed. Ain't that enough for me, sir?"

There was an intermission in the concert across the street. The music had coased.

"What was it?" the Sergeant asks. "Drunk and following the women? The old story. Ship just in, of course. Lock him up, Now, what about this man? Name, Peter Murray; born. Ireland; age, 20; clerk; Hartford, Con-

ing vacation and did not do more than listen to one another talk.

Jeremiah Fitzpatrick of J. Fitzpatrick & Co. of North Moore street, dealers in glass, who run two furnaces, said yesterday:

"The product of window glass in this country is 4,000,000 boxes. The importation is between 500,000 and 600,000 boxes. If the men do not recede from their demand, this will be larger this year than ever before. The men believe that there is no glass in stock, and that the factories will soon have to begin to fire up. There is about the same amount of glass in the country that there usually is, only it is in the hands of the dealer instead of the manufacturer, where it has been heretofore. The manufacturer cannot sell any more to the dealer until he has got rid of his accumulated stock.

"The men are foolish. They are going into this thing blindly. As a general thing they are intelligent, sensible men, but they judge from wrong facts. I know myself that no window-glass manufacturer has made any money in the two years previous to last year, and none of them is in any way whole yet. Yet the worker wants to get this profit away. I know I shall keep my factory shut down during the year, and I know others who will do the same. The only man who is sure to make money in the window-glass business now is the worker. With a prohibitory tariff on glass, and high wages everywhere, he snaps up everything. But the public will not be hurt. It has always been surprising that with the big wages paid the price of window glass remains so cheap." born, Ireland; age, 29; clerk; Hartford, Connecticut. What did Peter do?"

"I did nothing at all, sir," asy the second prisoner, who had given his name as Peter Lumley, 39 years old, clerk, of Marshfield—a rather hard-looking fellow, evidently reputable, but mischlevous and obstinate when in liquor, as was the case.

"Nothing, ch?" says the Sergeant. Well, that's what we lock 'em all up for here. All go up for doing nothing, just like you, Sing Sing's full of folks who done nothing, and so is Blackwell's and the Tombs, and now you've been caught at it, too. What is it, officer?"

"Wouldn't leave me alone," growled the policeman. "Kep' a-follyin' me. To' him twenny times to go way, but he said he wanted to be locked up. Got help and brought him long."

"That's how you do it?" asked the man of Marshfield.
"Inhat's how we do it." said the Sergeant. "Soot and sharp, eh?" inquired the Sergeant when the room was clear. "You think we're pretty brusque here, don't you?" He was scratching away with his pen, but when this question occurred to him he stopped writing, but his pen aside, and straightened up. "Pretty brusque, eh? Well, if we were any different we couldn't do the business. We would be palavering all night over one case. How many people do you think we lock up here every year? Give a guess? Hello! What's your name, Crook Pidgeon? How old? Seventeen. Born. Ireland—no, this city. No home—ch, 25 Baxter; occupation none: what was he doing, officer?"

"Pegged a stone —," but there was such an explosition of melody across the street that what the officer said could not be heard. He tried again. "Pegged a stone am, the release of the game and the men and a member of the Baxter's—the younger band of Whyos around the Fl' Points." By "Whyon' the officer meant to re'er to the most desperate of the gange of the metropolis.

It esemed impossible. The prisoner was a flaxen-haired and of 15 or 18. apparently, with clear-out features such as an artist would like for a model of a noble youth. He was well drossed, in the bargai

Scenes in a New York Pelice Station—Seven Thousand Arrests a Year.

From the Providence Journal.

The hour is 11 o'clock. The scene is the Elizabeth street police station—the jail of the "Bloody Sixtis" ward. In the main room, the parlor, where the officers hold those incessant receptions which are attended by the vicious and disorderly, nothing is seen except the baid head of a sergeant bouding over the "blotter" or register for the recording of the guests of the house for each day. Nothing is heard there except the scratching of the Sergeant's pen. One other thing is heard—the band acress the street in the Atlantio Garden, its one thousand chairs are all occupied by the pick of the swarming tenement population of the down-town east side, with threa artisans, resting clerks, and shop girls, mothers and babies, and fathers and young children. All are drinking beer, and all are happy. The street is full of men and women, boys and girls, and babies, gathered in front of the station house to hear the orchestra for nothing, to sing the words to its popular sirs, to dance to its waitz tunes, to sometimes feel the thrill of the chords of the masters of immortal melody. The doorman of the station house stands on the official stoop, also listening. The ward detectives are lounging against the area railing near by. All is innocence, gladness, and peace—even in the siloody bixth—you think.

Suddenly there is a swirl of humanity broaking the steady current of passengors at the corner of Canal street. A black knot of foks, all in a huddle, are turning the corner. The corner of Canal street. A black knot of foks, all in a huddle, are turning the corner. The corner of Canal street, a black knot of foks, all in a huddle, are turning the corner. The corner of Canal street, a black knot of foks, all in a huddle, are turning the corner. The corner of Canal street, a black knot of foks, all in a huddle, are turning the corner. The corner is always and run to join the approaching mass of men. It is an arrest, Though something like

Charley was Rasty.

From the Omnia World.

She—Charley, that was awfully brave in you to stop the runaway team. Why mamma might have been filled. In the world to you mean?

He—Why, only—that is fe—Why, only—that is fe—Why, only—that is fe.

IRVING HALL MUST GO.

POINT ON WHICH TAMMANY AND THE COUNTY DEMOCRACY AGENE. They Say that the Irving Salittee Mast be Expelled from the Party Organization and Their Belegates Divided Up-Incide Politics at Saratega.

SARATOGA, Sept. 3.—Two things that affect New York city local politics were settled by the great men of Tammany and the County Democracy who attended the meeting of the State Committee here, and they were announced to the rural committeemen for their edification and guidance. One is that there will be a union local ticket beyond any present doubt, and the other that both factions will demand that Irving Hall be expelled from the State Democratic organization, as it is now from the local organization, and that its rep-resentation be divided equally between Tammany Hall and the County Demorracy. The relations between Tammany Hail and the County Democracy are more friendly than they have been for years, more friendly, in fact, than at any time since the schism that gave birth to the County Democracy organization.

There was some talk of uniting with the Republicans on the local judiciary ticket. The friends of this movement propose to give them one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, believing that it would crowd out Justice Donohue, who wants a renomination, but will not get it it ex-Mayor Grace has anything to say about the make up of the ticket. Justice Donohue friends are for a union with the Republicans on certain judicial nominations if the Labor party develops great strength and Donohue receives the Democratic nomination. It is a curious development of local political feeling that the leaders of Tammany Hall and the County Democracy would rather have Republicans elected to county offices than Labor men. The mass of the Democratic politicians are in favor of Democratic union, but they do not believe in giving the Republicans any piacea. The leaders are keeping the proposed union with Republicans in the background, to be used in case the Lanor men seem likely to poll as many votes as they polled last year.

Irving Hall's fate is settled, so far as the two local Democratic organizations can decide it. The rural committeenen seemed indisposed to consent to the exclusion of Irving Hall. They think that Irving Hall has more strength than it soally has. They say that it is doubtful if an Irving Hall itekst could poll 7,000 votes. The Socialist vote is larger.

At present Irving Hall has one member of the State Committee, Nicholas Haughton, and one-sixth of the Seventy-two delegates to State Conventions to which New York city is entitled. Tammany Hall has already four of the eight State committeemen, its Inil share under any circumstances. They are frant, Muller, Cahill, and Cockran, The County Democracy to here larger representation equal, and the two organizations would have thirty-six delegates such.

There is more in the light against Irving Hall ham the desire of Tammany and the County Democracy to have larger representation. There is more in the light and the expense of the other organization. The combination alre There was some talk of uniting with the Reublicans on the local judiciary ticket. The friends of this movement propose to give them

LEE RENFRO'S DEATH.

Act Fourth in the Bloody Tragedy of the

Prom the spacks Critical

By way of preface to the detailed reports of the killing of that dastardly murderer, Lee Beniro, which occurred on the 8th of this month in the White Mountains, I will briefly relate the circumstances under which Benfro murdered Isaac N. Ellinger, well known in this community, a young man of strict Integrity, temperate inbits, and possessing all the qualities that are requisite to make a good citizen. Some time last fall, while Ellinger was temporarily absent from his ranch, which was situated just across the territorial line of New Mexico, and known as the Cottonwood ranch, one Craig, at the instigation of Benfro, jumped the property. Mr. Ellinger had purchased the place more than a year previous, and had made the his home and headquarters. About the 6th of November last he, in comeany with Wilds. P. Plummer, went to the Clanton ranch, and, upon the invitation of the Clantons, dismounted and took dinner. Besides these two gentlemen there were present at the table Its and Phin Clanton. Lee Renfro, and Hill Jackson, While dining the subject of the jumping of the ranch came up, but no hard words were passed. The first to finish eating were Mr. Ellinger, Ike Clanton, and Lee Renfro, who arose and passed to Phin Clanton's cabin, some ten or tweive steps distant. They had but entered the rooms when Benfro com-

some ten or twelve steps distant. They had but entered the rooms when Benfro commenced to abuse Ellinger for something that was reported had been said about the jumping of the ranch, at the same time picking up his six shooter from the table and walking toward Ellinger.

At this juncture Ike Clanton stepped in between them, but Benfro souddenly threw his pistol around Ike and shot Ellinger in the breast. Mr. Ellinger lived several days in great agony, suffering a thousand deaths, and died on the 10th day of November last. Renfro, seeing that his victim had received a mortal wound, asked for a horse, which was at one furnished by the Clantons, and he rode away and has been skulking in the mountains of Arizona the most of the time since, a fugitive from justice, with no other company than outlaws and wild beasts.

It is strange how his kind of characters, in apite of their precautions, meet their doom. Henfro, with some of his kindred spirits, was camped in a cafion opening out on the Rio Bonito, in the mountains on the Apache indian reservation, on the 8th day of this month. On the same date a Becrot Service officer, accompanied by three men furnished him by the agent of the San Carlos Indians, by a singular chance, happened to be hunting for stolen cattle belonging to the San Carlos agency, in the neighborhood where Henfro and his company were camped. As the officer and posse were riding across a plateau they observed a man come out of a cafion about 160 yards distant on foot and in his shirt sleeves. The officer and in the said to two of his men:

"You fellows ride over to the man and tell him that we are from the Southern country, and, if possible, get him to come over here, all want to question him about the trails."

The two men rode over to the man in his shirt sleeves, and, conversing with him sew moments, they toxecther returned to where they had loft the officer and his romaining company were preceding to be a singular to he with the same fait but a the propertical provides and the protection of the cor

An Overdose. From the Omaha Herald.

Judge—Of course, you have an excuse ready? Prisoner—I have your linuer. I was full, but it was for medical purposes. Whiskey is sood for enake bittes. Judge—Mere you bitten by a snake? Prisoner—So: but, your Honor: "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of eare."

Judge—I see, use, But you should have contined yourself to the ounce. I fine you should have contined yourself to the ounce. I fine you should have contined yourself to the ounce. I fine you still for prescribing seed.